

## Night and Morning

For her young anger, envision  
a flat, salt place where evening's  
the black start of rain.

She bikes at the lighthouse there in  
a fury of hair  
she'll unburden,

striking him again and again  
all breath  
and eyes

beneath the swing  
of light.

Mud slashing her legs she wheels  
back, shattering pud-  
dles of tinted clouds. Owning

hearts of peace  
and hate and fear and wonder-

ing them to woman.